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MEMORIAL WREATH

WORLD WAR.
MARTYRS
LEE'S VETERANS
B·H·CARROLL
J·B·GAMBRELL

George W. McDaniel

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A MEMORIAL WREATH

By

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EHB, Nov. 1921

To my son

JOHN HARRINGTON McDANIEL

a volunteer at seventeen

and now

a veteran at twenty

with the prayer and hope that he may always emulate and exemplify the virtues of the men memorialized in this volume.

FOREWORD.

The author of these memorial addresses is the pastor of one of our greatest churches, the president of the Virginia Baptist General Association, and the Commissioner for Virginia of the Seventy-five Million Campaign. Moreover, in general, he is active and influential in the life of the denomination and is the loyal and alert friend of every good work. We congratulate him and his friends that he has found time in recent years, in the midst of his various and serious duties and obligations, to prepare and publish valuable and important books. The most notable of these are his volumes, "The People Called Baptists" and "The Churches of the New Testament," the latter quite recently issued. In both of these he has grouped with admirable skill and discussed with taste and ability a great number of pertinent facts.

In this book he gives permanent form to several occasional addresses. Some readers will be attracted to it by their love and admiration for the author, some by their interest in the persons commemorated, and some by the clear, easy flowing style which characterizes the ad-

dresses. The strictly personal memorials are in honor of men whom this writer knew intimately and they well deserve these fine and discriminating tributes.

R. H. Pitt,

The Religious Herald Office,
Richmond, Va.

CONTENTS

PAGE

CHAPTER I

The Men Who Fell in the World War . 7

CHAPTER II

Lee's Veterans 23

CHAPTER III

A Giant of the Southwest—B. H. Carroll, 44

CHAPTER IV

Our Great Commoner—J. B. Gambrell . 70

I.

THE MEN WHO FELL IN THE WORLD WAR.

Life is a battle. We instinctively feel that it is a real combat in which the universe gains immeasurably by the triumph of Right. From Tubal-Cain to Du Pont, from Joshua to Foch, from righteous Abel to the young men whose memory we honor to-day, the story is one of struggle — for the individual and the race. "Glory is not to be purchased but by blood." Less than two hundred and fifty years of peace have been allotted to the total past history of man. War has been the rule; peace, the exception.

Every age has its challenge. The noblest souls exult in meeting the challenge. The things that abide cost deep and intense effort, passionate and heroic sacrifice. The people, for the sake of a high moral purpose, and the nation for the sake of a lofty ideal, subordinated pleasures, abandoned comforts, endured hardships, braved dangers, and poured out their life blood. 'Tis the story of the centuries retold. Through the ages man has been

ripened by sorrows; victory has been wrung by martyrdoms; the everlasting kingdom has been built upon a cross. The race has climbed like corals, grave by grave. At last the island of Civilization is lifting its head above the bosom and billows of the sea, let us hope, to grow by the graves of war no more forever. If such shall be its serene and stable fortune, it is because into its formation, at its very crest, where the waves lapped wildest, our sons and brothers, our American manhood, shed their blood and laid down their lives.

The paramount concern for any man is not to live. Life in itself is not the sweetest and dearest possession. Liberty is of higher value. Her price is above rubies. A voice, sounding from old St. John's calling for liberty or death, summoned the Colonists to arms and struck the shackles from men who were born to be free. The reverberations of that voice can be heard in the remotest corners of Europe today. The human race is saying with a fuller meaning, what Narodney said of Russia: "I am nothing; personality, success, happiness, they are nothing; exile, Siberia, the Czar's bullet, they are nothing; there is just one thing, that Russia must be free."

Duty is a larger word than life. It is infinitely more important that one shall do his duty than it is that he shall live. When and where

we shall die are minor questions. How we shall live and how we shall die are the great questions. Nor is long life always to be desired. Existence is evaluated not by longevity, but by earnestness, intensity, purposefulness. Life is not measured in years but in deeds, not in breaths but in thoughts. Sir Walter Scott wrote:

> "One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

Cowardice is more to be dreaded than conflict. The coward is equally worthless both in peace and in war. Death with honor is preferable to life with ignominy. Courage is the captain of glory. Courage is not the creature of law: it is the child of nature. Fearlessness and freedom sit together. The oldest legislator drafted a code for Greece which excluded the coward from all share in public deliberations, rendered him incapable of receiving the honor of a crown, and denied him admission to public religious rites. A government is strong and secure just as its people are loyal and brave.

Demosthenes concluded his matchless oration by describing the two characteristics of a well-disposed citizen: (1) His constant aim in authority should be the dignity and pre-eminence of the commonwealth: (2) Always and every-

where his spirit should be loyal. Our men, officers and privates, displayed a devotion to country unsurpassed, and in the greatest crisis of history brought America to a position where her name rose superior to her fame. College men showed themselves worthy of their college. The scene changed from class-room and athletic field, from court house and pulpit, from office and shop, from factory and farm to camp and trenches; but their characters met the test unimpaired,—rather transfigured.

These young men, our heroes, chose the better part. To have done less would have forfeited their manhood, betrayed justice, and imperiled posterity. Could they speak to-day from the echoless shore, not one would alter his decision. From the illimitable heights of heaven they look back upon the dust and dirt, the struggle and suffering, the camps and conflict, with the satisfaction of soldiers who "fought the good fight" and wear the victor's crown.

"They have given their lives with bodies bruised
and broken.
Upon their country's altar they have bled;
They have left as priceless heritage a token
That Honor lives forever with the Dead."

I come not to condole, for yours is not a misfortune calling for pity. I come to console,

to alleviate sorrow by encouragement, to lead you to a blessed contentment in your providential circumstances. Such consolation may be derived from a three-fold consideration of the character of God, of the Christian religion, and of your martyrs of freedom. If I can bring a message befitting this service I shall have spoken as my heart dictated.

In hours of bereavement we betake ourselves to God. Refuge and strength are found in His goodness and greatness. He is incapable of perpetrating the cheat that refuses fruition to our inherent powers of knowledge and character. God is not a half-witted artist outlining figures of beauty on canvass to daub them with the brush of death. He is not a speculator building oases in the desert and then consuming them in burning sands. He is not a child building block houses only to tumble them down. He is not a printer setting type orderly and standing indifferently by while a rude hand pies the type. He is not a musician constructing an instrument capable of heavenly harmony and dashing that instrument to pieces ere its strings have vibrated their sweetest strains.

God made man in His own likeness, with a character eternally progressive, and God cares for His masterpiece. Providence feeds the improvident sparrows and clothes the lilies in fairy pride. Personality is more valuable than

sparrows, more attractive than lilies. Surely a reasonable and beneficent Being preserves the crown of creation, personality. Charles Darwin, though his faith was fugitive, wrote: "It is an intolerable thought that man and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress." About sentient beings other than man, science and revelation are silent. Man is the only creature that meditates upon death and contemplates it with awe. Multitudes expect immortality who do not desire it, and many look for the heavenly life who care little for the earthly.

Whence and wherefore this universal dread or fond desire? Does the instinct which directs squirrels to store in autumn with falling nuts their woodland homes against winter's want betray man with a hope that is only a dream? Does that strange something that stirs in the bosom of arctic birds, causing them to leave their warm, feathery nests and wing their long flight to the sunny tropics belie man in his homing instinct for immortality? Nay, verily.

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

Another source of consolation is the Gospel of Christ. Our holy religion is not cold stoicism, feeling no heart-ache and shedding no tears; not ephemeral Epicureanism laughing and dancing in the chamber of death; not abhorrent Mohammedanism coveting an eternal existence of sensuality; not contemplative Buddhism loving nothing and escaping continuous existence "like a flame that has been blown out"; not despairing agnosticism travelling a crooked, unlighted street and ending on a hopeless brink; not crass materialism conceiving personality as a transient result of physical vibrations and ceasing like the peal of a bell.

Our religion is that of Him who felt compassion and showed sympathy; whose life was serious and whose soul was troubled; who conceived heaven as a spiritual state in our Father's house; who bestowed upon believers everlasting life; who was the straight Way that led through the misty valley of time to the blissful heights of eternity; who taught that man was soul and worth more than a world. Fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wives and sweethearts, you sorrow, but not as others who have no hope; you see the star and hear the rustling wing in the hour of death. You trust where you cannot understand and

Trace the rainbow through the rain, and feel,
That morn shall tearless be.

My friends, how cruel this world would be, how disconsolate our hearts, without this fadeless hope! Death itself is changed in the light of it—changed to a powerless enemy, robbed of its sting, made the door-keeper to our Father's house. Jesus abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. He came to deliver those who through fear of death were all their life time subject to bondage. The Christian has a new vocabulary for the dissolution of body and spirit: "fallen on sleep"—awaiting the awakening when soul and body shall be re-united; "absent from the body"—only absent from the roll call here because they have answered the roll call up there; "decease"—an exodus from an Egypt of bondage to a land of liberty, from the country of aliens to the citizenship of heaven; "departure"—loosing the moorings and setting the sails of a cargoed ship for her native element, the mighty ocean.

> And every tide shall bear thee on,
> And every wind shall fill
> Thy sail, to help thee to thy goal.
> Have thou but courage still.

The thoughts of God's goodness and the

gospel's gladness lead joyfully to the consideration of our soldiers' service. What manner of men were they? How do they rank among the soldiers of earth? Pericles' characterization of the Athenians is equally appropriate to the Americans: "We trust not so much to preparations and stratagems as to our own valor for daring deeds." By so much as the World War transcended every other, by just so much does the American soldier surpass all other soldiers. His dash was the most impetuous, his efforts the most decisive, his motive the most altruistic. German officers have borne witness to the fact that the Americans were the first to halt their drives; the first to throw them on the defensive; the first to break their historic line; the first to keep on coming, falling, dying, but ever advancing; the first by dauntless spirit to destroy the morale of their army, and the only ones whom they never overcame in a combat.

The American ideal rose like a star in the somber sky of the Allies and the American soldier demonstrated the possibility of realizing that ideal. The pulse beats faster when we reflect upon the deeds of our men. Unlike the troops of Publius Scipio they never needed heartening by the derogatory description of an enemy with battered armor, lame and powerless horses—not enemies in reality, but only their remains. Unlike the troops of Scipio Africanus

they were never charged by their general with the heinous crime of the violation of the solemn obligation of a military oath. Unlike the troops of Hannibal they were never nerved by a veteran record of twenty years' service to hurl themselves against a raw and beaten army. Unlike the mutinous troops of Germanius, the mighty spirits of Augustus and Drusus were never invoked to turn the rage among themselves to the destruction of their enemies. Unlike the conspirators of Cataline, the terror in their breasts never deafened them to the orders of their officers.

Like the troops of Otho, their impetuous courage called forth from their commanders the counsel of moderation. Like the troops of Agricola, they convinced their countrymen that the protraction of the war should not be imputed to them and closed a conflict of four terrible years in four momentous months. The spirits of Lee and Jackson, our stainless warriors, were upon them and they kept their resolve never to lower or stain their standard.

The events of the war are too recently told, too well known, for me to descant upon them. In summary: Our men built with their bodies and guns a cliff on the Marne against which the rushing tides broke in helpless fury and harmless foam. They fought for Soissons with the relentless determination of a team in a

championship game—the greatest ever played—some of their best mates bruised, exhausted, disabled, dead, but replaced by men of the same spirit; and they marched up the field, carried the ball over for a touchdown and kicked a fair goal. They fell like an avalanche on St. Mihiel salient and eliminated in thirty-six hours what France was unable to reduce in four years. They penetrated the Argonne Forest where concealed machine guns, manned by experts, raked every foot of approach and they captured by frontal attack what Napoleon and every other general who fought in that terrain deemed too hazardous to attempt. The force of the first blow carried them seven miles in one day, September 26th, and ended stationary warfare. They fought on with superhuman endurance and courage against natural barriers such as no other army in any theater of this war overcame and they unfurled the Stars and Stripes above Sedan, November 11, the very day the Union Jack was borne aloft into Mons.

Here is something unparalleled in history: The war ended with the British where they began their first big battle—at Mons in 1914; it ended with the Americans and French at Sedan, where the seed for this war were sown in 1871. It ended *as* it did and *when* it did because the fresh, dashing, irresistible American youths carried a spirit to Europe which turned the

tables, threw the enemy on the defensive, gave him no rest, demoralized his army, disrupted his alliance, pierced his vitals, and forced the alternative of the capture of a million men and the invasion of Germany, or an armistice.

To the Americans belonged the unique distinction, the unrivalled fame, that every field over which they fought was theirs at the end of the battle. From the first baptism of fire at Sceicheprey to the last shot on the Meuse, American courage shone resplendent. Cantigny, Belleau Wood, and the Verdun front were enough to test the valor of any troops. Our casualties there were large, but they were not irreparable losses.

They are not dead! Such souls can *never* die!
They are like stars with paths beyond our ken;
We glimpse them for an instant, as they go
To thrill with glory other lands that lie,
Perhaps, in darkness. They will come again,
Or we shall find them—for God willed it so.

There is glory enough for all and military glory enough for all time. Could our eyes pierce the veil that separates from the spirit world, we might see those killed in action, those who died of wounds or by accident, and those who were the prey of disease locked in loving embrace. Those who fell on the field and those who fell from a pandemic plague share equal

honors. Were our ears so attuned as to catch the whispered sentiments of the 48,768 slain, we might hear them say of those 53,566 who died of disease: "These are our comrades. They feared not death, but preferred to meet him in action. Their end was less thrilling but their service none the less telling."

Last night I dreamed of your dead. I said to those dear fellows who,

"With heads erect and spirits unappalled,
Answered the summons when stern duty called":

"While we live we will carry your unwritten memorial in our hearts; ere we die we shall build for the college which you loved so well and which helped to form your manly characters a material monument to perpetuate your names and fame: when we die we want to meet you among the throng who waves the victors' palms."

Proud as we are of these knight-errants of the holy grail,—these young crusaders who rescued the tomb of France's freedom from the unspeakable Turk and heartless Hun, loneliness and sorrow are nevertheless natural and inescapable. To treat that grief lightly were to mock affections of divine sanction. Every heart throbs in sympathy with the hearts of the families of our dead comrades. We trust, how-

ever, that you would not reverse, if you could, the decision of your sons. Their satisfaction with duty well done, with danger faced fearlessly, with victory achieved sacrificially, should be your supremest joy. Is this too much to expect of the bereaved? Dr. James L. Hughes of Toronto, who lost a son with the allied forces, answers:

"God gave my son in trust to me.
Christ died for him, and he should be
A man for Christ. He is his own,
And God's and man's; not mine alone.
He was not mine to 'give.' He gave
Himself that he might help to save
All that a Christian should revere,
All that enlightened men hold dear.

It matters not where some men live.
If my dear son his life must give
Hosannas I will sing for him,
E'en though my eyes with tears be dim.
And when the war is over, when
His gallant comrades come again,
I'll cheer them as they're marching by,
Rejoicing that they did not die.
And when his vacant place I see,
My heart will bound with joy that he
Was mine so long—my fair young son—
And cheer for him whose work is done."

Think not of your loss, but of the world's

gain; not of the years from which you have lost them but of the happy years in which you had them. Huxley, in his famous letter to Charles Kingsley about his own dead son, said: "I have given back to the source from which it came, the cause of great happiness, still retaining through all my life the blessings which have sprung and will spring from that cause."

Live as becometh the loved ones of those who were without reproach or fear, who rose as close as man is ever to the stars, who shrank not to offer their lives upon their country's altar, who died that others might live in safety and who enabled a discordant world to hope to see the light of peace rise on the light of liberty like,

Another morn
Risen on mid-noon.

Late in the afternoon a father and his small boy were walking in the suburbs of a city. The boy with observing eye noticed every service flag that hung in the windows. "Papa, there is a blue star in that window. Here are three blue stars in this window. Oh, there is a gold star in yonder window! What is that for?" "They have lost a son in the war. The gold represents him." The sun was down, the dusk of the evening fast turning into dark when the boy glimpsed the evening star shining in the heav-

ens. "Oh, Papa," he exclaimed, "*God* has a son in this war." "Yes, He has, my boy, and His star is a *gold* one." Oh, can anyone in our great country appreciate so deeply the love of God that gave His son as those bereaved parents who have lost their sons in the service?

Ye who in Sorrow's tents abide,
  Mourning your dead with hidden tears,
Bethink ye what a wealth of pride
  They've won you for the coming years.

Grievous the pain; but, in the day
  When all the cost is counted o'er,
Would it be best that ye should say:
  "We lost no loved ones in the war?"

Who knows? But proud then shall ye stand
  That best, most honored boast to make:
"My lover died for his dear land,"
  Or, "My son fell for freedom's sake."

Christlike they died that we might live;
  And our redeemed lives would we bring,
With aught that gratitude may give
  To serve you in your sorrowing.

And never a pathway shall ye tread,
  No foot of seashore, hill, or lea,
But ye may think: "The dead, *my* dead,
  Gave this, a sacred gift, to me."

II.

LEE'S VETERANS.

Devotion to the Confederacy was born in me. The first large gathering I ever attended was a reunion of Hood's Brigade in Texas, and I can still feel the thrill that went through my young soul as I heard the cheering of 10,000 veterans and listened to the clarion voice of Roger Q. Mills, and the melodious tones of Norman G. Kittrell expounding the principles narrating the deeds and proclaiming the virtues "of the men who wore the grey." Richmond became in my boyish imagination a sort of shrine. The passing years and intimate acquaintance have made that shrine more sacred. The debates of Webster and Hayne, of Calhoun and Clay, of Davis and Douglas, are to me the masterpieces of American polemics. The years of '61 to '65 mellow my spirit and hold me with irresistible charm. Therefore, to accept an invitation to deliver the memorial address of Lee Camp for the second time is indeed a cherished pleasure.

Viscount Morley, in the most informing book of the past year (1917) makes a striking com-

ment on the war between the states. It was "the only war in modern times as to which we can be sure: first, that no skill or patience of diplomacy could have averted it; and, second, that preservation of the American Union and abolition of negro slavery were two vast triumphs of good by which even the inferno of war was justified."

As to the first statement: it is undoubtedly true that two conflicting ideas of government existed in the minds of the founders of the Republic, and persisted, without abatement on either side, to the outbreak of the war. They were incarnated in those two protagonists, Jefferson and Hamilton, whose debates across the cabinet table marred the harmony of Washington's administration and gave him many anxious moments. Ingenious statesmen, patriotic civilians and devout pacifists employed every known method of diplomacy to avert open conflict. All compromises and devices which postponed the final issue made its eventuality more certain and fatal. Clashing theories for seventy years presaged the glistening bayonets.

As to Lord Morley's second observation, that the results justified the war: we rejoice to agree that to-day we are one people, but I suggest the qualifying remark that slavery would have passed away had there been no war. It was a liability to our economic and social life, and

scores of petitions were filed in the South for its discontinuance, and hundreds of owners had manumitted their slaves. If the fiery abolitionists had not lighted the match of civil war, Christianity would have settled the slavery question without bloodshed and slaughter.

On occasions like this it is deemed appropriate to discuss the merits of the Confederate cause more for the information of the present generation than for the encouragement of the veterans. You men of Lee's army know, better than I can tell, the principles for which you fought. Your consciences approve the course which you pursued. After fifty-six years' reflection, no one of you regrets his action. Under similar circumstances you would do the same thing again. Some of you bear in your bodies the scars of battle, and they are badges of honor. But in the bosom of no one of you does bitterness rankle. Time has healed the wounds and history is doing you tardy justice. In the Capital and heart of the Confederacy, of all places on earth, the lamps of true history should be kept trimmed and burning. What shall we say then of the ill-starred, but immortal cause, for which our fathers fought?

It was right morally. If three million people had the moral right to withdraw from the British government in 1776, why did not twenty million Southerners have the same moral right

to withdraw from the American Union in 1861? If President Davis was a traitor, so were Patrick Henry, James Madison, Benjamin Franklin and President Washington; if General Lee was a rebel, so were Francis Marion, Thomas Sumpter, Nathaniel Green and Anthony Wayne. If all just governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, who can deny the moral right of fifteen states to determine their form of government? Wendell Phillips, never noted for Southern prejudice, pertinently said in a speech at New Bedford, Mass., on April 9, 1861: "A large body of people, sufficient to make a nation, have come to the conclusion that they will have a government of a certain form. Who denies them that right? Standing with the principles of '76 behind us, who can deny them the right?" With him agreed Horace Greely, Salmon P. Chase, William H. Seward, President Buchanan, Edward Everett and Abraham Lincoln. As Charles Francis Adams remarked, "The difference was that, confronted by the overwhelming tide of events, Virginia adhered to it; they in the presence of that tide, tacitly abandoned it."

Imperialistic and despotic governments are maintained by force, but the United States was a government founded on fraternity. The voices of Lloyd-George and President Wilson

eloquently proclaimed the rights of people to determine their own forms of government, and manage their own affairs, unawed by militarism. If we can interpret the jargon of articulations from Russia it is a demand for the right of people to determine for themselves their government and rulers. In other words, gentlemen, the moral strength of the Allies' cause to-day, and that which their leaders are anxious to have rooted in the minds of all men, is in essence the same as that for which you contended nearly sixty years ago.

It was right legally. The framers of our constitution had before them the British constitution. That document makes parliament a sovereign and omnipotent body with authority to change any law, even the administration of justice and the succession to the crown, and with unlimited power over property and person. But our constitution builders refused to follow the British precedent, and framed a document which limits the competence of national authority and leaves ultimate sovereignty with the people of the states.

We have always and truthfully insisted that the Union was a voluntary compact of sovereign states; that these states won their independence from the mother country, and never surrendered it upon entering the Union; that they were the creators and not the creatures of

the Union; that all rights not specifically delegated in the constitution were expressly reserved; that it was a Union of consent and not of force; that the right of secession had been proclaimed by Northern states notably at Hartford in 1814, when Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island in convention assembled, declared "it is as much the duty of the state authorities to watch over the rights reserved as of the United States to exercise the powers delegated"; and that no authority resided in the Union for preventing secession or coercing a sovereign state. The only answer I have ever seen to this argument is by Bryce in his American Commonwealth, who says, "the knot was cut by the sword." That is not really an answer unless we subscribe to the dictum that "might makes right."

Upon the less important question of slavery the South held its legal rights. Slavery existed in all the states before the Revolution. Because of climatic and economic conditions the slaves gradually gathered in the South. In the Constitutional Convention held in Philadelphia in 1787, upon the proposal of Virginia, slavery lifted its black, kinky head, and precipitated long and warm debates. It was the cause of two of the three compromises of that immortal document. Be it understood, however, that these two compromises were a tacit recognition

of slavery. First, in that three-fifths of the slaves should be counted in the census as the basis of representation in Congress; and second, that the importation of slaves might be continued to 1808. The fugitive slave law of 1850 provided for the rendition of slaves who had escaped to free states.

The Supreme Court decided in the Dredd Scott case in 1859 that under the Constitution neither *negro slaves* nor their descendants, slave or free, *could become citizens of the United States,* and added as a dictum that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional and that, therefore, a slave did not become free by being carried to a territory where slavery had been prohibited under that compromise. President Lincoln's proclamation, Jan. 1, 1863, declaring that all slaves in states, or parts of states in rebellion, should be free, was as illegal and unconstitutional as if the President of the United States to-day should declare that all the horses in the west should be loosed on the wild plains.

The South, then, acted within its moral and constitutional rights in withdrawing from the Union. That act did not necessarily mean war. The Cotton States wanted no war and Northern statesmen advised: "If our sister states must leave us, in the name of Heaven, let them go in peace." But such was not to be. Gladstone's maxim, "those who could no longer co-operate

with honor could at least part with honor," was unacceptable to the fire-eaters. The twice-repeated promise of Secretary Seward to Justice Campbell, that Sumpter would be turned over to South Carolina, was broken as if it were not so much as "a scrap of paper." Confidence in the word of the Federal government was destroyed, for the Secretary knew when the promise was made that a relief expedition had been ordered to hold the fort. Coercion was invoked where persuasion failed. Militarists mounted the saddle and rode the charging steed of invasion. It was then that the Southern men flew to arms. Virginia, cautious and conservative, but self-reliant and courageous, had waited and worked, prayed and hoped to avoid fratricidal strife. President Lincoln called upon her to furnish her quota of 75,000 men to coerce South Carolina. The die was cast! Disregarding the consideration of interest and expediency, and with a supreme loyalty to honor and justice, she linked her destiny with the Confederacy.

"To arms! to arms!" was the cry, and these veterans, then young and gay, brave and strong, responded with alacrity and enthusiasm. What a scene! On the walls of history there hangs no more inspiring picture than that of the Southern youths hurrying from ranch and plantation, from store and bank, from mountain and

plain, from college and home—all the way from the Rio Grande to the Potomac—to draw their swords and imperil their lives in defending a small state against a powerful enemy. One of our own women, Mrs. Kate Langley Bosher, has described the struggle in the soul of our incomparable chieftain at Arlington, as he decided the issue between his state and his country:

"A passion of conflict! Country or state,
Allegiance or loyalty, which clearer the call?
Man of the nation, a name blazoned on high,
On escutcheons of glory; should he part with the past
In which they—his people—had writ deep and fast,
Lee!

Harsh, bitter and cruel the struggle.
Then, white and undimmed,
The altar of duty shone out of the dusk,
And love burned away all dreaming of dross.
But he knew not when yielding one sword for another,
He had carved on the heart of his country forever,
Lee!"

Your actions, my fathers, combined the virtues of little Belgium, who made her bosom a

battle ground rather than break her word; of Great Britain, who risked her hegemony to protect a small nation; of heroic France, who bled to repel invasion; and of the United States, who unsheathed her shining sword to make obligatory international compact on sea and land. What if you did lose? You saved your honor and preserved your star from tarnish. The principles you cherished are the hope of all democracies and the dread of all autocracies the world around.

The South was no more fighting for slavery than France was preparing to attack Germany through Belgium. The South fighting for negro slavery! What a travesty upon truth! Only one in thirty-three of the people owned slaves, and half of these held only from one to four. Fitzhugh Lee, Joseph E. Johnston and A. P. Hill never owned a slave. Stonewall Jackson owned two, whom he purchased at their own request. He gave these the privilege of acquiring their freedom at the purchase price, by the use for the purpose of their wages. The man accepted the offer and became a freeman; the woman preferred to remain a slave. Robert E. Lee, many years before the war, emancipated the few slaves inherited from his mother. The large majority of Lee Camp never owned a slave. The Confederate Constitution prohibited the importation of slaves. To say the South

fought for slavery is not only to convict one's self of superficiality, but is also to fly in the face of unimpeachable history.

War at its best is bad, but there are other things worse. In your campaigns we see war at its best, not only, as Morley sees, in its issues, but in its actual events. Before Bernhardi wrote his book, "How Germany Makes War," he should have read "How Lee Made War." The darkest stain had been removed from Germany by following the precedent of Lee. Deeper than any wound which the Allies may inflict, more lasting than any defeat which she may sustain, is the wound, the wrong which Germany has inflicted upon herself by a war of atrocity and barbarity. A thousand years from now, if the world shall stand so long, impartial and untrammelled historians will record the crimes of Germany against the wounded, prisoners, non-combatants, and the helpless and defenseless women and children in Belgium, France, Poland, Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania, and posterity will condemn her to execration. In contrast they will set Lee and the Southern army, whose humanity and regard for military laws spoke a more civilized people a half century before.

Three notable instances illustrate how the Confederacy conducted war against its enemies. They are Lee's protests to General Halleck, his

address to the people of Maryland, and his instruction to his own troops in Pennsylvania.

(1) Pope, who succeeded McClellan, inaugurated a program of rapine against the civilian population. General Lee earnestly protested to the Commanding General of the United States' army at Washington. He used, in part, this language: "Some of the military authorities seem to suppose that their end will be better attained by a savage war in which no quarter is to be given and no age or sex is to be spared, than by such hostilities as are alone recognized to be lawful in modern times. We find ourselves driven by our enemies by a steady progress, to a practice which we abhor, and which we are vainly struggling to avoid. Major General Pope and his commissioned officers are in the position which they have chosen for themselves —that of robbers and murderers, and not that of a public enemy, entitled after capture to be treated as prisoners of war. The President also instructed me to inform you that we renounce our rights of retaliation on the innocent, and will continue to treat the private soldiers of General Pope's army as prisoners of war."

He continues, using such expressions as, "until the voice of an outraged humanity shall compel the respect for the recognized usages of war," and, "a sacred regard for plighted faith which shrank from the semblance of breaking

a promise." The protests of the Bishop of Malines may be more fiery, but in military annals, there is nothing finer than the firm, dignified language of our Chieftain. It accomplished the desired effect, for General Pope's orders were changed so that, "no officer or soldier might, without proper authority, leave his colors or ranks to take private property, or to enter a private house for that purpose, under the penalty of death."

(2) On September 8, 1862, General Lee issued an address to the people of Maryland, which he was about to enter, from which the following is quoted: "No constraint upon your free will is intended—no intimidation will be allowed. Within the limits of this army, at least, Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you and will protect all of every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny, free, and without control. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and, while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your free will." That promise was conscientiously kept and no Marylander suffered a loss or an indignity from the Confederate army. There was no intimidation, no rod

of iron, no coercive measures, but rather the sweet accents of friendship and persuasion.

(3) From Chambersburg, Penn., June 27, 1863, General Lee issued orders to his troops. They knew how General Pope had ravaged the county of Culpepper until that smiling land was well nigh a waste. They knew how General Milroy, with headquarters at Winchester, had cruelly oppressed the people of the surrounding country. It was human nature for them, now that they had the opportunity, to pay the enemy back in his own coin; but Christian charity triumphed over Mosaic retaliation, as we may see in the orders to the troops: "The duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are no less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The Commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and, through it, our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages on the innocent and defenseless, and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army. * * * It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes

of all whose abhorence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, without offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth."

How magnanimous, how charitable, how Christlike those sentiments of our Commander! He was made of finer stuff than the Kaiser. In General Lee there was no pharisaic pretense of piety, no contemptous familiarity with God, no posing as the "predominant" partner and authorized spokesman of the Almighty; but a splendid example of that religion summarized by the prophet as doing justice, showing mercy and walking humbly before God. Could the Kaiser rise to the sublimity of Lee considering surrender at Appomattox, disregarding a staff officer's expressed fears of posterity's opinion, asking the sole question "is it right? and if it is right, I take the responsibility," the world would be at peace within a week. But it is too much to expect a moral pigmy to reach the stature of a moral giant. It was such a character that Woolsey looked upon when he said, "I have met but two men who realize my ideas of what a true hero should be; my friend Charles Gordon was one, General Lee was the other," and it was our cause of which the same Lord Woolsey wrote:

"Ah, realm of shades but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time!

No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so free of crime."

As prudent people who are taught by experience, we should draw such lessons as we may from the failure of the Confederacy and apply their force to the present world crisis. We are told that the important generals of all the belligerents in Europe are studying the campaigns and strategy of Stonewall Jackson as they are no other man's, save, possibly, Napoleon's. The American people, lawmakers and civilians, may well ask what lessons the war between the states teaches them. Some are these:

1. Heroism without harmony is unavailing. Braver men than followed our generals never shouldered a musket or faced a foe; but their daring and sacrifices came to naught when governors and editors and statesmen criticized and opposed the measures of the Confederacy. The conscript law was denounced, the President held up to contempt and the orders of the Confederacy were disregarded and defied when the tide of battle flowed against us. To some extent the same process is going on in Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia, and I pray that it may not be repeated in America.

2. The inability of civilians and congress to conduct a war. It is a painful memory that the attempt of civilians and law makers to deter-

mine military policies hampered President Davis and General Lee. They endeavored to control the appointment of military officers and delayed and debated important measures when decision and action were imperatively needed. A congress that should have employed every agency and strained every nerve to furnish Lee with all possible men and money, wasted precious sessions discussing alleged unfairness in the distribution of military offices.

Instead of accepting the advice of the Commanding General and the recommendation of the President for extending conscription from 35 to 45, congressional doctrinaires proposed a substitution of the volunteer system. To cure the ills resulting from straggling, General Lee asked for a competent and impartial court martial with power to inflict the death penalty, and the reply of congress was an investigation to see whether the officers of the army had imposed capital sentences. Congress twice enacted legislation which would have depleted the army by allowing irresponsible physicians to grant furloughs, and the President, in vetoing the bills, reminded the law makers that "an army could not be administered by statute."

An astute historian has said, "If ever a people attempted to bridle their Executive, the Southerners did so by their choice of civil representatives during the war." I am almost ready to

take the position that the small bickerings, selfish ambitions, personal favoritisms and spoken and unspoken disloyalty within the Confederacy did more than the Federal army to wreck our Southern hopes and break the heart of our President. The lesson for us to-day is so plain that "he who runs may read." Politics may provoke a war, but it has never yet won a war.

3. The necessity, in time of war, of subordinating every other expediency to military efficiency. The Confederate cabinet was not the first nor the last formed to compose political differences rather than to engage the ablest talent. President Davis himself was a West Pointer, a brilliant officer of the Mexican war, a successful Secretary of War, a man trained for his task. He began with the policy of employing experts as generals—Samuel Cooper, A. S. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, P. G. T. Beauregard—every one of them from West Point. Immediately popular political orators and distinguished civilians began to criticize him and they never forgave him.

In the Commissary Department his appointment was not so fortunate. A man, notoriously slow, uncertain and impervious to suggestions, was appointed and retained over the repeated complaints of General Lee. Though in some sections of the country store houses were crowded with supplies, General Lee dined on a

single cabbage head boiled in water, and his men and horses were emaciated for want of food. Bacon sold in Richmond for $3.50 per pound, wheat for $15.00 per bushel, boots for $100.00 per pair, and wood for $19.00 per cord. The railways, sometimes managed by incompetent and disloyal officials, were inadequately equipped, distressingly dilapidated and maintained miserable schedules. An abridged volume of the same acts may be read in the United States right now.

4. The peril of unpreparedness. The South was a country of merchants and planters, with few manufactories. She had a long unfortified battle front with exposed sides, and a territory easily penetrated. Having no adequate navy, the ports were blockaded and her staple, cotton, became unmarketable and valueless. Without munitions of war she grew weaker from day to day while her enemy became stronger. Until an international court is constituted to compose all differences and enforce peace, and until the great nations have agreed to disarmament, the surest way for our nation to preserve peace is to be prepared for protection, notably by a citizen soldiery.

5. War necessarily calls for sacrifices and entails suffering. The aristocratic women of Richmond denied themselves for their men in the field. They wore old patched bonnets and

sewed until their arms were tired and their fingers stiff. The moist earth under many a Southern home was dug up to obtain saltpeter, and the salt water of our coasts was evaporated to obtain a modicum of salt. The churches gave their pews to the hospitals and their bells to make cannon. Ah! my friends, war is a stern and cruel business! We have not yet begun to suffer. France, Great Britain and Belgium could understand better. You Confederates and your companions know. We have not yet "resisted unto blood, striving against sin."

"The earth moves freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with our sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day,
Brings victory to-morrow."

5. God can cause the wrath of man to praise Him. He is not a "War God," but He is a God of Providence. He makes "all things work together for good to them who love Him." His power is over all. He causes the bees to swarm and make honey in the lion's carcass. We now understand that He used, or over-ruled, two secessions to build a union, "one and indissoluble forever." No one of us would revoke His final verdict. Each of us would join with Cutter, paraphrasing the words of Henry Clay in his Bunker Hill oration:

"You ask me when I'd rend the scroll our fathers' names are written o'er,
When I could see our flag unroll its mingled stars and stripes no more;
When with a worse than felon hand or felon counsels I would sever,
The union of this glorious land, I answer, Never! Never!"

Admonished by the lessons taught in the costly school of sectional war; united as brothers who understand each other better because we have tested, each the other's mettle; conscious of the integrity of our motive and the righteousness of our cause; loving our country better than ourselves and our God supremely:

"As ne'er before, our troth we plight, to rid the world of lies,
To fill all hearts with truth and trust, and willing sacrifice,—
To free all lands from hate and spite and fear from strand to strand,
To make all nations neighbors, and the world one Fatherland!"

III.

A GIANT OF THE SOUTHWEST—B. H. CARROLL.

God cast some men in heroic mould. They bear in their bodies the marks of distinciton. Their very presence attracts, impresses, inspires. Such were Alfred Tennyson, William E. Gladstone, Richard Fuller, Sam Houston, J. B. Hawthorne and B. H. Carroll.

Providence generously endowed my ministerial ideal and religious hero with physical strength and form. His bone was large, his muscles hard, his lungs healthful, his frame gigantic, his power of endurance almost superhuman. Tall as a poplar, straight as an Indian, strong as an Ursus,—he was conspicuous in any company. Looking upon Michael Angelo's Moses in Rome, I thought of Dr. Carroll as more nearly the model than any man I ever saw.

A divine architect planned the temple of his body. Nature herself superintended the construction. The woods and fields were the playgrounds of his children; the gun and horse were the delights of his youth. Early life in the open air and vigorous exercise were the rock

upon which a house was built, that stood when, "the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon it."

This spacious palace was occupied by a soul worthy of such a dwelling place. A regal spirit tabernacled in his body. Too lofty to stoop to sin, too honest to deceive, too guileless to suspect treachery, too great to be guilty of littleness; his was a transparent, magnanimous and unsullied soul.

Great intellect in King-like body housed,
Great life by lurking evil undefiled,
Great heart so like a lion when aroused,
Yet in affection like a little child.

Universal Knowledge.

Dr. Carroll had an insatiable thirst for knowledge. Before he attained his majority he had read the world's literary masters. In those early years he perused the pages of the Christian fathers and devoured the writings of philosophers and skeptics. Nothing permanent in the realms of literature or history escaped him:

"He held converse with all forms
Of the many-sided mind
And those whom passion hath not blinded,
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded."

This avidity for reading he transmitted to his children. While yet in their teens, his sons

had read more classic literature and modern fiction than most men read in a life time.

The habit of study, always strong, grew stronger with the years. He was such an omnivorous reader that fanciful stories have gotten into circulation about his methods; though he did average an ordinary book a day for forty-five years, and occasionally read all night. He became deaf after locating in Waco. As Milton, blind to this world, portrayed the visions of heaven; and Beethoven, deaf to the discords of earth, revelled amidst harmony and melody; so Dr. Carroll's infirmity, by giving uninterrupted quiet, stimulated his intellectual activity and developed all his other faculties. A long pastorate, sermons published weekly, and tremendous moral and denominational issues quickened his latent mental powers and brought them to the highest efficiency.

His mind was not a sponge absorbing the ideas of others, but rather a fertile soil into which every fact and truth dropped, germinated and bore fruit. He was not an assimilator of the information and illustrations of others, but rather a tireless investigator searching out for himself and arranging his material in his own forceful manner. And he carried always an abundant supply. He had much of the originality which says a thing first, and more of the potency which says it best.

His knowledge was so profound, that the superficial wearied,—and so comprehensive, that the young sometimes grew restless under his sermons and addresses. However, he never failed to hold the attention of the thoughtful. Preachers fed on his sermons, for they were full of strong meat. Instances arose in which they were preached *verbatim et literatim* without acknowledgment. He told me of one case in particular where he was assisting a Baylor boy in a meeting. Noticing, as he preached, that the mature brethren looked curious or listened inattentively, he wondered the cause. After the third sermon a deacon took him aside and said, "Dr. Carroll, these are strong, helpful sermons you are preaching, but our pastor has already preached them to this congregation." It amused Dr. Carroll very much, but he did nothing to humiliate the young preacher. He repeated to him the statement of the deacon and added, "Now, my young brother, if you have preached any more of my sermons, tell me which ones so *I will not repeat them.*" And the pastor gave him a list of *six.*

The remarkable faculty of packing an enormous amount of information into sermons was his, to a high degree. A Virginia pastor was annoyed by an erroneous doctrine of assurance, which was working havoc in his church. Being unable to cope with the situation, he asked for

some literature on the subject. I opened Dr. Carroll's first book of sermons, turned to one on assurance and said, "There is the ablest treatment of the Bible doctrine of assurance ever published." He borrowed the book, preached four sermons from the arguments of that one, and upon returning the volume said, "My people are straight on the doctrine now." That sermon settled clouds of dust in Texas and saved the denomination from a doctrinal drought.

His "Interpretation of the English Bible" shows his method of study and trend of thought. As a commentary it is unique. Mark you, I do not rank it first; it is not himself at his best. For the average preacher, however, that commentary is a Thesaurus of Theology and a gold mine of Homiletics. When the volume on Genesis appeared I read to a brother minister the author's views upon the establishment of the Throne of Grace at the Gate of Eden. My visitor kindled with enthusiasm and exclaimed, "I never read or heard that before. Lend me that book." On next Saturday, in the Sunday service column, this pastor had announced as his morning subject, "The Establishment of the Throne of Grace."

One year, the commencement orator wired the night before the occasion on which he was to speak that he could not fill his engagement.

The committee turned to Dr. Carroll. Oh, how many a time Baylor had called upon him and never in vain! He was the mighty Atlas who at critical moments took the load on his broad shoulders without bending under it. It was midnight and the address was on the program for eleven that morning. He cheerfully agreed to fill the gap—he was made for emergencies. Bear in mind that he had preached in that city for twenty-seven years, that he had taught in the University twice a week during the college course of those students, that he had spoken frequently upon the widest range of subjects.

You wonder what theme could he discuss. Would he rehash a former oration? Would he dress an old skeleton in the garb of a new name? Not he. The motto of the Grecian philosopher was his subject, "I Carry All My Goods With Me." For one hour he poured a torrent of compelling logic, towering eloquence and burning appeal upon the graduates, to make their information available for constant use, and he himself was the telling illustration of his theme.

I have said his brain was fertile. It was also versatile. He could work mathematics, knew the theories of science, quoted Latin, had a usable knowledge of Greek, was an authority on literature, had sounded the depths of philosophy, delighted in astronomy, was perfectly familiar with mythology, carried the topog-

raphy and geography of the earth in his capacious mind, was abreast of modern events and knew accurately and minutely the history of the world.

Two young men, one his younger son, had studied Grecian history for four months and spent an afternoon and evening reviewing for examination. At one A. M. confident of their preparation, they ceased cramming names and dates and hied themselves to the pantry to cram all the edibles to be found. Returning, they observed the light in Dr. Carroll's study and Charley said, "Let's go in and examine Papa." He was buried deep in the pages of Hall Caine's "Christian" when the young men interrupted him. Turning gently, for his patience with students was proverbial and he was always accessible to the humblest, he inquired, "What will you boys have?" "We want to examine you on Grecian History." "Well, I didn't know I was on trial, but go ahead."

For thirty minutes we plied him with the most difficult questions which we could recall. He answered all accurately and more elaborately than did the text book. Having shot the last arrow in our quiver, we were preparing to withdraw when he stroked his long beard in that familiar manner, gave a merry twinkle and said, "Turn about is fair play. I want to ask you boys some questions on Greek

history." "Fire ahead," we said. The first question completely bewildered us. We passed that, and asked for another with similar results, and so on, to our distress and his amusement, until in sheer desperation one said, "But those questions are not in our text book." "Oh, ha, ha." His great frame shook with laughter. "I thought you two posed as students of Grecian History."

In Virginia, I had affirmed that the first record of the Apostles Creed was in the fourth century and in that record the expression, "Descended into hell" was not found. The statement was challenged. I knew it was correct for I had heard him make it and I never knew him to be in error as to a historical fact. I asked a number of well-informed brethren how to confirm the statement and no one of them could tell me. The very first time I saw Dr. Carroll, I asked him and he replied immediately, "You will find the authority for that in Schaff's Creeds of Christendom, volume two, page 45."

Marvelous Memory.

The secret of this available and unlimited knowledge was partly his omnivorous reading, partly his mental acumen, partly the sublimest of intellectual virtues, patient thinking, but mainly his marvelous memory. The Egyptians did not inscribe upon their papyri more indelli-

bly than did he upon the tablets of his mind. This habit was formed early. He made a mental photograph of pages of books and filed in his mind every important fact which he read. He acquired little through the ear. Knowing that reading of daily papers impairs the memory, he devoted a minimum of time to them. Appreciating that retention is the result of review, he went over and over the fields of knowledge until they were as familiar to him as the streams and paths on the old farm are to an East Texas boy. One can not remember what one never knew. Hence his first mental effort was to understand. Nothing was omitted because difficult or dismissed until digested.

This is the reason why he was, to so many, the first authority upon the Bible. He had weighed its words, traced the unfolding of its history, compared its doctrines and mastered its contents so completely, that he could give spontaneously and extemporaneously an opinion upon any Biblical subject. At the Southern Baptist Convention in Chattanooga in 1906 he delivered an impromptu address upon Evangelism which silenced all objections to the establishment of the Evangelistic Department of the Home Mission Board. Brethren marvelled at his mastery of the Scriptures. As he called the names of that galaxy of young evangelists surrounding Paul, and elucidated his theme from

the entire New Testament, all were consumed with a passion for souls. His speech remains the classic on that subject.

His sermons are masterpieces in scriptural collation. He saw the text in its context, and also in its relation to all Scripture and was his own best concordance. Immediately upon choosing a subject his memory, without apparent effort, marshalled all the scriptural teachings and from those, outlined his thought and enforced his positions. In this respect he far surpassed Spurgeon, who was pre-eminently a Bible preacher.

For several years Dr. Carroll taught a voluntary Bible class in Baylor. It was the Genesis of the Southwestern Theological Seminary. The lecture room was crowded with students when no credits were allowed for the work. The classes of '94-'98 went with him through the Pentateuch, the Gospels and Acts. No one who ever sat in those classes would say he was not a great teacher. If teaching is causing others to know then he was *Primus inter pares*. The hard knots which the commentaries left uncut he split wide open with the wedge of his invincible logic. Verse by verse, chapter by chapter, and book by book, he expounded them all. My young heart burned within me when sitting at the feet of a teacher who could demonstrate the scriptural account of creation, explain

how and why sin entered the world, tell where Lot got his wife, prove the immaculate conception, and establish by legal evidence the resurrection.

By meeting every difficulty squarely and answering every possible question fairly, did he "justify the ways of God to men." He comprehended the truth so clearly and presented it so forcefully that there seemed no other possible meaning. Indirectness of utterance was foreign to him. His explanation did not need explaining. He was the only one of my teachers with whom I never felt like taking issue. Much taught by other instructors has been forgotten, but I remember now Dr. Carroll's interpretation of the controverted passages of Scripture; and the study and experience of twenty years have confirmed my belief in the doctrines as he held them.

As a feat of memory, I know nothing to surpass an incident at the University of Texas. In the midst of an impassioned flight of oratory, he quoted from Hiawatha:

"Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching,
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;

And a third pursues the second
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck and then a vulture
Till the air is black with pinions.

So disasters come not singly,
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish."

It was entirely unpremeditated. Afterwards, in thinking over it, he could not recall that he had ever consciously memorized those lines. If science could have examined his brain what wonders might have been disclosed!

Sense of Humor.

Some men are sadly lacking in the sense of humor. They neither laugh nor make others laugh. Yet laughter is divine and is one of the distinguishing characteristics between man and beast. Since the Creator made man the only laughing animal, he must have meant for man to laugh. Dietitians tell us it aids digestion. We know it promotes happiness. Josh Billings quaintly says: "If a man kan't laff there is some mistake made in putting him together and

if he won't laff he wants as much keeping away from az a bear-trap when it is sot."

This trait of Dr. Carroll's was not generally known because he rarely told a joke in the pulpit and was excluded by his deafness from general conversation. But in that charmed family circle where it was my good fortune to live for three happy years his humor was unfailing. The stories he told were always amusing and wholesome. He was an excellent punster. The meal hours, when he talked most familiarly, were shortened by his anecdotes. Many of them were original. Large appetites and good digestion run in the Carroll family. A room-mate—the most congenial of fellows—frequently overtaxed his digestive organs and made the night hideous for himself and me with nightmares. One morning at breakfast table I was relating one of my room-mate's dream the night before and remarked that it was becoming positively dangerous to sleep with him. Dr. Carroll interrupted, "George, do you think we could get some posts as tall as this dining room?" We roomed over the dining room. I replied, "I do not know sir, but we could splice them and make them tall enough. What do you want with them?" "Well," he said, "I thought if we could get posts tall enough we would build some stables for him to hitch his mares in at night, when he goes to bed."

While the confidences of his home are too sweet and sacred for public speech, it is but just to say that his home life was ideal. Filial affection and domestic felicity were enthroned there. His devotion to his wife and children was stronger than death and sweet as heaven, and they were reciprocated with unutterable reverence and passionate fondness. Never was he impatient with any member of his family and never was he heard to utter a cross word in his home. The nearer you were to him the larger he loomed. True character is greatest at home. Three young preachers at different times were admitted as members of his family. They were Jeff D. Ray, George W. Truett and myself. All three agree to-day in crowning B. H. Carroll as the greatest man they knew at the time of his death.

Soaring Eloquence.

The Greeks believed that eloquence was a gift of the Gods. A discriminating vocabulary may be acquired, faultless diction may be mastered, grace of delivery may be learned in the schools; but genuine eloquence is born in the soul. Without a vivid imagination it is impossible. B. H. Carroll was naturally the most eloquent man I ever heard. He cared for none of the tricks of elocution; he rarely wrote his sermons; but when he spoke under the power

of the Holy Spirit, it was logic on fire. How many a time in the old church at Waco has he electrified the College boys. There ministerial students received their most powerful and lasting inspiration to be good ministers of Jesus Christ.

We admire the golden eloquence of Chrysostom; the chastened splendor of Bossuet; the convincing profundity of Bondalour; the compelling unction of Fenelon; the singular sweetness of Massilon; the appealing earnestness of Saurren; the impassioned speech of John Knox; the charming imagery of Jeremy Taylor; the torrential power of Richard Baxter; the splendid bursts of Robert Hall, but *all,* all of these are surpassed in native, unaffected eloquence by B. H. Carroll.

Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his fresh as morning rose
And soared untrodden heights and seemed at home
Where angels bashful looked.

Did you ever read that sermon from his early ministry, "Watching Jesus On the Cross"? Where in the sermonology of Christendom can it be excelled for vivid description? Or, if you read the sermon on Love preached in Houston thirty years ago, did not your heart leap up as he piled Ossa on Pelion in climax after climax

equalled to the world's best oratory? You men of the West never heard anything more realistic than his description of a drought:

> "I have witnessed a drouth in Texas. The earth was iron and the heavens brass. Dust clouded the thoroughfares and choked the travelers. Water courses ran dry, grass scorched and crackled, corn leaves twisted and wilted, stock died around the last water holes, the ground cracked in fissures, and the song of birds died out in parched throats. Men despaired. The whole earth prayed: 'Rain, rain, rain. O heaven, send rain.' Suddenly a cloud rises above the horizon and floats into vision like an angel of hope. It spreads a cool shade over the burning and glowing earth. Expectation gives life to desire. The lowing herds look up. The shriveled flowers open their tiny cups. The corn leaves untwist and rustle with gladness. And just when all trusting, suffering life opens her confiding heart to the promise of relief, the cloud, the cheating cloud, like a heartless coquette, gathers her drapery about her and floats scornfully away, leaving the angry sun free to dart his fires of death into the open heart of all suffering life."

Some of you Texas orators give us a com-

panion picture of a flood to hang by the side of that, and then Texas will be fairly portrayed!

The heart melts with the memories of the country Sabbaths under his words:

> "Some of you can recall the sweet and holy charm of the old-time Sabbath Day—your Lord's Day; the day commemorative of His resurrection; the day of the outpouring of the Spirit; the day which typifies your heavenly state, the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Ah, me! My heart melts when I recall its old-time peace and joy; when women were modest and men were true; when Sabbath bells broke the Sabbath stillness with silvery tones of sweet music. The fields rested. The workshop was closed. The silent forests felt the presence of God. And in the ears of worshippers, wending their way through quiet streets or still, shady lanes, to the house of God, the winds, fragrant with kissing the flowers, would whisper, 'This is God's day. It is the type of heaven.' "

The limits of this occasion do not permit me to quote that unmatched paragraph of mythological allusions on infidelity, nor that astronomical introduction on God's call of Abraham beneath Syrian skies, nor that beautiful tribute to his co-laborer, J. B. Gambrell—the noblest

Roman of them all. Such eloquence was not born to die.

Indomitable Courage.

There are two kinds of courage, physical and moral. Some are quick to resent an insult but timid before a moral wrong. Others are loud in denouncing sin and sinners from the pulpit but are physical cowards on the street. Both kinds of courage in one man are rare. They were combined in B. H. Carroll. Physical bravery and moral courage belonged to him as strength to the ox or fleetness to the antelope. He was a member of McCullough's Texas Rangers, "the first regiment mustered into the Confederate service," and on the lonely and perilous frontier he showed himself to be worthy of the title "a brave man."

During the prohibition campaign in 1887, San Antonio was the seat of Satan's synagogue. One distinguished gentleman had been shamefully treated while attempting to make a prohibition speech. The lewd fellows of the baser sort declared no dry man should speak there. Dr. Carroll was warned not to go. He declared, "I will go." He went and spoke unharmed on the very spot where his co-worker had suffered indignities.

The leader of the antis in that memorable campaign was Roger Q. Mills and the leader and

chairman of the prohibitionists was B. H. Carroll. Reports became current that Mills was anxious to meet Carroll in joint discussion. Senator Coke, who had measured swords with Dr. Carroll in a local option contest, remarked, "If Mills takes hold of Carroll, he will need somebody to help him turn loose." A notable debate was held in Padgett's Park, Waco. Dr. Carroll exposed his opponent's sophistry with cutting sarcasm and annihilated his argument with inexorable logic. Straightening himself and pointing that long index finger at Colonel Mills, he said:

> "Ah, Roger, the Dodger!
> Thou mayst dodge good and
> Thou mayst dodge evil, but
> With all thy dodging, thou
> Canst not dodge the devil."

In his rejoinder, Colonel Mills, unable to answer his opponent, resorted to personal abuse. Dr. Carroll arose and calmly denounced the statement as an unmitigated falsehood and a base slander. The thousands who filled the park were wild with excitement, or furious with rage. Men rushed madly upon the platform. Dr. Carroll was the calmest person in all that tumultuous crowd. There he stood, unmoved, unawed, unafraid. His disregard of personal danger was only surpassed by his self-control.

Let me add that years afterwards Senator Mills wrote Dr. Carroll a letter in which he paid high tribute to his ability and character, saying he was "the brainest man in Texas and the best posted on Thomas Jefferson and Democratic government of any one he knew," and confessing his own mistakes in his personalities. Dr. Carroll responded in the most fraternal spirit and read me the letter which was signed in the striking manner, "Yours as before the prohibition campaign, B. H. Carroll."

The autumn of 1897 in Waco was a time that tried men's souls. The unavoidable Brann controversy led to awful tragedies in which four men were killed on the streets and another wounded. The very atmosphere was charged with electricity. Good men went armed. It seemed as if:

> "Justice had fled to brutish beasts
> And men had lost their reason."

Through all that turmoil and strife and danger, Dr. Carroll walked with cool head and calm heart. He was utterly insensible to fear.

The prohibition campaign was also a test of higher moral courage. The cause was not strong and popular then. He staked his fortune, hazarded his reputation, jeopardized his pastorate and risked his life for a moral principle. And following in the way he blazed, the

untrammeled, enlightened citizenship of this, my native state, will yet drive the last saloon from her borders and wipe the stain of the licensed liquor traffic forever from her escutcheon. That would be the most fitting monument you could erect to his precious memory.

The Cotton Palace of Waco was built in 1894. Prominent members of Dr. Carroll's church were on the directorate. A majority of the Board decided to open the Palace on Sunday. The ministers' protest was disregarded. Dr. Carroll grew insistent. He was told that he would hurt the business interests of the community and destroy his usefulness if he did not desist. I can hear his deep-toned voice sounding this moment and it thrills me as it did then:

> "If I knew the fate of Laocoon awaited me and my family, if I saw even now the pythons of vegeance emerging from the sea of popular wrath, and gliding toward me in noiseless slime, uncoiling their glittering length, revealing in supple sinuosities their deadly power of constriction, and freezing my heart with their cold, green, unwinking, basilisk eyes, yet would I, for Christ's sake, smite the hollow, treacherous side of this huge horse, and cry out: There are Greeks in it. Woe to the City that makes a breach in the walls of religion and morality to give

entrance to an enemy's gift, designedly too wide for passage through her regular gates."

Peerless Leadership.

He was born a King of men. Conscious of his kingship he walked the earth a ruler. Men followed him because of his acknowledged superiority. One had to look up and ahead to see him. But envy and selfish ambition are not foreign to Texas. Human nature is everywhere the same.

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the frown and hate
Of those below.

In ability he was head and shoulders above his brethren and the best were proud of him.

The elements of his leadership were:

1. His large ideas. He thought in circles, not in segments. He saw the whole horizon, not a patch of sky. He was built on a colossal scale and undertook titantic tasks. He was the gift of God to the largest State in the Union in its plastic period. These boundless plains were the fit arena for his compassing activities. Texas enterprises are the most gigantic, Texas Baptists are the most numerous, Texas preachers are the most evangelistic, and Texas

churches are the most aggressive today, largely because, for forty years, this Prince in Israel lifted up a lofty standard around which to rally the hosts of the Lord. He did more to formulate the theology and shape the ideals of the young preachers of Texas than all other men combined.

2. His unstinted liberality. Life is too short and men are too smart to listen to appeals for contributions by preachers who are not themselves liberal. He who would develop the benevolent spirit must show himself benevolent. A stingy, coveteous preacher impedes the progress of the Kingdom and is a standing reproach to the Savior who gave His all. We cannot fool the people. They know our financial ability far better than we think, and they properly estimate our liberality. When Dr. Carroll was moving to Waco and carried all his earthly possessions in a two-horse wagon, he and his wife covenanted to give God one-tenth of all their income. She kept the books during her life and could always tell what the tenth was. So can we all, if we figure as carefully for distribution as we do for acquisition.

The Waco church grew under his ministry until it was recognized as pre-eminent among Texas churches. There was the beginning of the big things Texas Baptists are now doing. He set the pace in giving. When I went to

College in 1894 the state mission battle was raging. That fall I first saw him take a collection. He presented the cause with ponderous power and pathetic persuasion. The sermon closed with a heart-searching appeal to bring all the tithes into the storehouse. Then followed an earnest prayer that God's Holy Spirit would enable every one to do his duty. The public collection started with $200.00 from the pastor whose salary was $2,500, and the waves of giving rolled higher, until the largest mission offering in the history of the state was recorded. You have gone far beyond that now, but he first gave you the example. I have always known how to spend money. His example taught me and a thousand other preachers how to give to Christ's cause. Ellen Bell Carroll was a good business woman and Hallie Harrison Carroll was of independent income. As the demands multiplied, his contributions increased, and as his means grew, his donations enlarged. His wife would sometimes say, "Mr. Carroll, you are far beyond the tenth; you will give away everything we have." Good naturedly he would reply, "Ellen, you save it and I'll give it."

Therein you find his credentials of leadership. He could with Gideon say, "Look on me and do likewise." And when Roderick Dhu blew his horn, the clans gathered from far and near. In his study at Waco were the portraits

of a dozen men and women whom he called "the old guard." Pausing in front of them one night and looking up with pleasurable emotion, he exclaimed, "Do you see those faces? They are the Lord's rich, elect in Texas. They seek first the Kingdom. They can be counted upon for emergencies. A telegram to that group would bring from each any reasonable amount for Christ's cause as quickly as electricity could carry messages."

When persecution was rife in Scotland, Mr. Rollock once said to that martyr, James Guthrie, "We have a Scottish proverb, 'Jauk that the wave may go o'er you,' will you jauk a little, Mr. Guthrie?" "Mr. Rollock," replied Mr. Guthrie gravely, "There is no jauking in the cause of Christ." B. H. Carroll never ducked!

3. His sublime faith. The mighty enterprises which he promoted were possible only by faith. His faith was as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven. It was the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. The fierce conflicts which he waged with infidelity rooted and grounded him in the faith. He came off conqueror, and more than conqueror. His strength supported the weakness of others. The Bible was true to him every time it spoke. He took God literally at His word and the promise was fulfilled, "Ye shall remove mountains." By faith he saved State

Missions from retrenchment and disintegration; by faith he rescued Baylor from debt and death; by faith he founded a Seminary which is a pillar of Orthodoxy and a light-house of Evangelism; by faith he endured torturing physical sufferings; and by faith on his dying couch he brought the unseen world into view and looking up, "saw heaven open and Jesus standing at the right hand of the throne of God."

In his long years of seeking after Truth,
God did reveal Himself in divers modes;
By paths of pain, of joyousness and ruth,
Through sorrow-darkened and through sunlit roads
He fared still forward, searching for the light,
The knowledge of God's great immortal plan;
Nor did his torch of wisdom burn less bright
Because he lighted many a brother man.

* * * * * *

He lives in lives made nobler by his life,
In minds enriched by contact with his own,
In hearts made brave to bear temptation's strife,
In Truth because by him the clearer known;
In souls that through his words were won to God,
In mighty impulses of righteousness.
This is his glory. Paths his feet have trod
Lead upward to eternal blessedness.

IV.

OUR GREAT COMMONER—J. B. GAMBRELL

No one who has died in recent years has received so many tributes from the religious press as Dr. J. B. Gambrell. All of them combined do not full justice to his unique personality. If some master writer should take the best of all that has been written and weave it into one extended sketch, he might approximate a true characterization of this unusual man. I purpose to take a look through my window into his many-sided life — a life which always stood four-square.

Clear Foresight.

Dr. Gambrell moved to Texas while I was a Junior at Baylor. He came as Superintendent of Missions. The most awful denominational war ever waged in the South had been raging for several years. The Board of Directors of the Baptist General Convention had been the main object of the attacking forces. The Board, the Baptist Standard, and Baylor University were all located in Waco. Dallas, a larger

city, and nearer the center of the Baptist population, was the stronghold of the opposition.

Dr. Gambrell saw at once that Dallas, and the contiguous territory, must be captured if the battle for the organized work was to be won. Furthermore, he recognized that Dallas was a better center from which to radiate over the entire state. Since Waco was secure, and Baylor was there to hold the lines intact in that sector, he brought about, with the cordial concurrence of the Waco brethren, the removal of the Board of Directors of the Convention to Dallas. It was a bold stroke. It was Jacksonian. A man of contracted vision, or faint heart, would never have taken the hazard. Time and events vindicated his daring courage and his adventurous faith.

This man's intuition told him that the Inter-Church Movement was foredoomed to failure. He saw its cumbersomeness and impracticability from its inception. He aptly described it as a horse without a bridle which he refused to ride. His firm judgment and avowed convictions kept Southern Baptists from expensive entangling alliances which others entered to their embarrassment and regret. In the worldly sense, he was not a business man, but his foresight in Kingdom matters saw beyond the ken of big business men. He was not especially adapted to executing plans, but he was un-

equaled in projecting them and giving others the vision and passion to execute. He was a son of Issachar who had understanding of the times and knew what Israel ought to do. His position on the Inter-Church Movement and on policies in Texas are now like fulfilled prophecies.

Wise Statesmanship.

Removal of headquarters to Dallas was hazardous strategy. His skill in dealing with the most delicate, perplexing and portentous problems both developed and revealed his sagacious statesmanship. At first, he tried conciliation. He sought a common ground on which Texas Baptists might work together. There was none to be found. He was not long in finding out that. He then, without irritation or impatience, adjusted himself to the situation, and marshalled his forces for the long-drawn-out war.

The battle was fought in many a church and practically every association. It was fiercest in the Dallas Association. His plume waved in the thickest of the fray. He had learned to fight for the Confederacy under Lee in Virginia. He was a good soldier for the Baptist Zion under Christ in Texas.

Many a time I have seen him leading his hosts into battle. He always knew his ground and was sure of the justice of his cause. He

was never sensible of fear or sensitive to attacks. Tense moments would come, as hot as these July days in Virginia. Then he would rise to speak, and as suddenly as come our summer showers, but with less noise, he would tell a refreshing story which would convulse everybody, even his opponents, with laughter. That done, he would glide with ease into a clear, common sense discussion of the issues involved.

His voice readily found the range of any audience, whether in an auditorium or in the open air. His language was pure English, his illustrations homely, his manner direct, earnest, and at times tender. He would take his hearers on short excursions to hold their interest, but he always kept the main track in his mind and when he concluded, you felt he had brought the people along his way of thinking. As a free-and-easy platform speaker, for the high and low, the rich and poor, the educated and uneducated, the small group and the large crowd, he was without a peer in his day. As an expounder of the New Testament polity to the plain people, he has not been equaled since Paul.

Imperturbable Spirit.

In animated Board meetings, in agitated public discussions, in every trying situation, he preserved his poise. He might be confused on details, and unless others guarded these, he

might approve illogical applications. This was because he saw the big things; was more interested in principles than in rules; but under no circumstances did he lose his self-possession.

From the most exciting meeting he could turn aside and sleep like a child. His long life was due to many causes such as: the inheritance of a good constitution, vigorous exercise in the woods and army in youth, and temperate habits. However, without an even temper and the gift of sleep he had died much sooner, or been decrepit in his later years. His most widely useful years were after he passed the three score and ten allotted to man. Excitement never hastened the beat of his heart; anger never raised the pressure of his blood; insomnia never unsteadied his nerves. Behold him presiding over the Convention in New Orleans at the most tumultuous hour. See a dozen impulsive messengers clamoring for recognition. Hear his unparliamentary but common-sense and timely remark: "Brethren, keep cool. A hot-box delays the train." That was typical of his whole life. Then, following that session, he was sound asleep three minutes after he went to bed.

Spontaneous Humor.

Rarely did he tell current anecdotes. Often his stories were unpremeditated. They were drawn from his own experience and observa-

tion and were called forth by the occasion. Years ago, he visited Boston to deliver an address on the Negro question in Faneuil Hall. Never fastidious in his dress, he was really careless when Mrs. Gambrell was not along to look after him. He appeared at the appointed hour. The presiding officer looked him over. His trousers were uncreased, his collar was celluloid, and his neck-tie was disarranged. The chairman was mystified and introduced him with these brief words: "Ladies and gentlemen: We have with us this evening Mr. Gambrell, from Mississippi, and I hope he will speak *better than he looks.*"

Dr. Gambrell once told me that introduction suited him better than any he ever received. He said: "It gave me a good spring-board from which to jump." As he proceeded with his discussion, he remarked that the Northern people, in dealing with the Negro question in the South, needed gumption. The chairman interrupted, "Mr. Gambrell, what is gumption?" In his inimitable manner, Dr. Gambrell replied: "It is one-half New Testament religion and one-half common sense; and when you put a teaspoonful of that mixture on a dog's nose it will keep him from barking up a tree where there is no coon." I submit that for ready wit, for spontaneous humor, that answer is not excelled in the history of repartee.

Dr. Gambrell was on the witness stand in a famous trial. An able lawyer, in the cross-examination, asked him if it were not a fact that he attended the Houston Convention as a candidate for the position of Superintendent of Missions. He replied: "No, that is not a fact." Then, dropping his head, he said in an apparently nonchalant manner, "I was never a candidate for but two things in my life." The associate counsel, hearing the remark and remembering that he had been the Prohibitionist nominee for Governor of Georgia and thinking he alluded to that event and intending to bring out the information and prejudice the case with the Democratic jury, interjected: "Mr. Gambrell, you say you were never a candidate for but two things in your life. Tell this jury what those two things were." He answered promptly: "One was to be a member of a Baptist church, and the other was to be Mrs. Gambrell's husband."

It is impossible to describe the effect of that sentence. The jury was composed mostly of farmers who were accustomed to going to bed when the chickens went to roost. The trial was running night and day. It was then night, and several of the jurors were asleep. Irrepressible laughter broke out on the bench and rolled through the court room. The sleeping jurors awoke and asked the other jurors what had

happened. When they were told, it was funny to see them shake with laughter. The lawyers, thereafter, were very cautious in dealing with the witness. Yes, and it is fitting to say that he was eminently successful in those two candidacies, than which he could had no more worthy aspirations.

Quaint Philosophy.

An admirer of Mr. Wilson said during Mr. Wilson's campaign for the Democratic nomination: "He has the faculty of saying the right thing just a little bit better than any other man in this country." Mr. Wilson did not always live up to that mark. However, Dr. Gambrell had the faculty of saying more in fewer words and in a more striking manner than any man among us, and this faculty never failed. Hear his message sent through Secretary Groner to a round-up meeting he could not attend because of his last and fatal illness: "Tell them I am like a crippled dog in a fox chase, out of the running but listening to the chase." A collection of his canine analogies would make a compendium of philosophy. There was profundity in his reply to a question as to why he used dog stories: "A dog is so close kin to a man."

Sam Jones paused in the midst of a sermon and turning to Dr. Gambrell, who was sitting

on the platform, said, "Dr. Gambrell, the Lord can turn a goat into a sheep, can't He?" Dr. Gambrell assented. Sam then said, "He can turn the sheep back into a goat, can't He?" Dr. Gambrell replied, "No, Brother Jones; the Lord can do His work but once." That was a deep saying. Unfolded, it shows the character of God, the plan of salvation and the believer's security. A volume of systematic theology is latent in that one sentence.

"Bill Morgan's Economy," "Who Owns the Wool," "the Tee-Hee Girl," "Up Fool Hill," "Squire Sinkhorn's Mistake," and "Lizard Killing," all published in "Ten Years in Texas," deserve to be ranked with the masterpieces of the world's sages. Truths are presented in those articles with the profundity of a Plato and yet with the simplicity of an Aesop. If I were asked to name one thing he could do better than any one else, I should probably think of his ability to state principles in simple and striking terms.

A Ready Writer.

Writing, according to Bacon, maketh an exact man. Early in life, Dr. Gambrell began to write and he kept it up until the week of his death. He once told me that, when he was a young man, he would practice by writing articles and then crumpling them up and throwing

them in the waste basket. In 1877 he became editor of the Baptist Record of Mississippi. Probably not a week passed afterwards that he did not compose something for the press. He became the most prolific writer for the denominational press in the history of Christianity.

More than any man in the South, he magnified the religious papers. He rightly appraised their value. He knew that they were the best medium of communication; that a large denomination, composed of all classes, could not grow without information; and he mightily used the printed page to disseminate truth. He was the largest benefactor of the editors and owners of the denominational press by creating a healthful sentiment for the publications; and his conception of the place and function of the religious paper led to denominational ownership of most of the Southern papers.

His method was to encourage free and full discussion. He believed that error would lose in a combat with truth, if truth were fairly presented. He had a wholesome confidence in the ability of the masses to discern the vital thing in controverted issues, and this confidence was justified by the results. There has not lived among us a man with quite so sublime a faith in the competency of God's people to decide for themselves; nor have we ever had a leader

whom the plain people trusted more implicitly or followed more loyally.

Dr. Gambrell's writings were constructive—indeed that was the fixed trend of his thought and action. Little esteem had he for carping and destructive critics. Hear his own words: "A man shooting at another with intent to hurt is not a critic. Likely he is a plain murderer. A man putting a cross-tie on the railroad track to derail the train is not a critic of the train. He is a criminal wrecker. An agitator is not a critic. A man crying 'wolf, wolf,' when there is no wolf and he knows it, is not a critic. Likely he is a lying idler and mischief-maker. A man seeking to burn a house is not a critic of the house. If the house is useless and in the way, may be, it ought to be burned; but house burning is not criticism. There is another name for it. A dog barking at the moon is not a critic, nor an astronomer either. He is a howler."

A Kingdom Builder.

The essentials of a Kingdom-builder are: 1. A certain knowledge. He must not tread with uncertainty nor grope in darkness. Unless he is in the light he cannot lead others to the light. Dr. Gambrell was not considered a bookish man. I do not recall ever to have seen him reading but one book. Yet a surprising knowledge of history would sometimes flash forth in

one of his discussions. He cared more for the philosophy of history than for the dates, and in that sphere he was an expert. His literary allusions were scant, yet he knew good literature. Never did he quote a poem in an address, yet he loved poetry.

His knowledge was transcendent in two realms, viz: human nature and New Testament polity. Because he knew the minds and hearts of men and was rooted and grounded in the practices of the apostolic churches, he became the accepted spokesman of three million constituents.

He about established three great principles in our thinking and practice. (1) A church cannot delegate its authority nor merge its identity into a general organization. (2) Associations and Conventions are for counsel and co-operation in matters of common concern. (3) Such general organizations have the authority to determine the qualifications and character of their membership. Francis Wayland, the philosopher, and B. H. Carroll, the theologian, knew these principles as distinctly as J. B. Gambrell; but they never caused the common people to understand them as did he.

2. A broad vision. He who leads a large constituency must see far. He must survey the whole field, must see the entire horizon. Dr. Gambrell set himself to two big tasks: the

nationalization of the Southern spirit and the continentalization of the Baptist program. So did he believe that he could solidify the states and unify the churches. Jefferson in statecraft and Carey in missions did not comprehend each his separate sphere more completely than did Dr. Gambrell these two gigantic tasks.

A brave Confederate soldier, he never apologized for the principles for which he fought. He did deplore the sectional attitude of the South as bad, even fatal, tactics. He labored with tongue and pen for fifty-five years to cure that defect. Hear him: "I believe the hour has come for the South to get out of the corner, and let our influence and power flow even out into currents of national life. The race question is now national, with the heavy end of it still resting on the South. But the North has all it wants of it, quite enough to bring them to sanity. * * * Sectional politics cannot help us or the nation. * * * The South has a wide open door, out of a corner, out into a wide field of usefulness and power, with everything to gain and nothing to lose by walking out and leaving the dead past to bury its dead."

His other great conception was a world program for his denomination, a program as encompassing as the race of man and as complete as the great commission. Lopsidedness in missions, he could not endure. Playing up one in-

terest to the disparagement, or neglect, of another, was, to his thinking, inexcusable narrowness. "In the Kingdom, there can be no divided interests, and if disaster comes to one part of the work all must suffer." Limiting our mission to any section of the globe was, in his interpretation, unscriptural. A united denomination with the whole commission marching into all the world was the goal he sought, and he came near to seeing it reached before he finished his course.

3. Unselfish devotion. Christ is our supreme example of living and suffering for one's cause. Stonewall Jackson is another who shared the lot of hardship with his men and for his cause. J. B. Gambrell is another. He was so wrapped up in the cause that he appeared indifferent to personal consequences. Young men followed him because they knew he was no time-server, no self-seeker. All the while, he was doing what he called on his followers to do. Many a missionary and country preacher scraped the bottom in his contributions because "Uncle Gideon" was doing "likewise." He richly deserved that title and there was a fitness in the sobriquet.

Through Dr. Gambrell's life, since I met him upon his moving to Texas in 1896, there was a Pauline devotion that counted "all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of

Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but refuse, that I may win Christ." He rejoiced to suffer for Christ. He refused to sue for his character on the ground that a character which he had to be sued for was worth nothing. He would say: "There is a good deal of mud-slinging, but it will come off when it gets dry." He was fond of Beecher's saying: "Nothing so reminds me of a cat chasing its tail as a man trying to look after his influence."

On the issue of the right of Baptists to preach in the camps without governmental interference, so long as they observed all necessary military requirements, he became so earnest that he might have welcomed imprisonment to establish his contention.

Without inherited wealth, but with large earning capacity, he worked unselfishly for Christ, gave liberally of his meager means to all worthy objects, devoted his valuable time to Kingdom enterprises and died poor in this world's goods. His example of willingness to render extra service without stipulated remuneration is worthy of all emulation. His scrupulous care not to be entangled in financial affairs is a precedent young preachers would do well to follow. His pattern of service is found in his words on the Work of Preachers: "They have enriched the world, content them-

selves to remain poor. There is not another class of men who have done half so much for the world and received so little of this world's goods in return. Their reward is on high. They do not expect it here; they do not seek it."

4. A conquering optimism. Most great men are subject to moments of depression. Those who climb the heights also descend into the depths. Dr. Gambrell was an exception. He was no stoic, nor was he phlegmatic. He loved life and its good things. A hostess once asked him what his favorite dishes were. He replied: "I love victuals." He was deeply emotional. Did you never see him wipe the rolling tears from his cheeks under a gospel message? Did you never see him moving about on the platform shaking hands in some high hour of the Texas Convention? Yes, he had his moments of spiritual exaltation. If he was ever despondent no one saw him in the mood.

Exceptionally trying were many of the circumstances of his long life. Amid the hardships of soldier life he kept a stout heart. In the stringent days of editorship, or the stressful days of Missionary Secretaryship, he worked right on, confident of his mission. Amid the sorrows of sudden deaths in his family, his faith steadied him. Through seven months of court trials, under the fiercest fire of cross-examinations and attorney's speeches, he

never winced. When others were doubtful, discouraged, and despondent, he heartened them by his faith and courage. When it was all over he could truthfully say: "For one, I did not entertain a doubt that the principles of democracy in the denomination would be vindicated. I never doubted, that while we were riding rough seas and traveling rough roads, in the end, neither the work, nor the workers could be ridden down. I felt sure that, in the end, people would turn to the right side. I never had any more doubt of it, than I had that the Heavenly bodies will keep their places under the unseen, but powerful law of attraction."

Oh, how his comrades leaned on him in those stormy times! Paul's words were his experience, "That ye may be able to stand, and having done all to stand." He had strength enough and to spare. If he had fallen, it seemed that chaos would ensue. He stood and others, steadied by him, were thus able to stand. Nor was it "stack-pole" religion. He built around himself only as he embodied the great issues. Before he was taken away he could say with confidence: "If any twenty men in the state were to die on a night, the great movement for progress would go on."

The confidence born of faith in God and in the right strengthened Dr. Gambrell in times that try the bravest souls. His son, Roderic,

a pioneer prohibitionist, was foully assassinated by the liquorites. Mob violence was threatened the criminals. Dr. Gambrell stemmed the rising tide of rage: "Let the law take its course. Vengeance belongeth unto God." The law failed to function properly and no one was convicted. But God was not mocked. The Judge who instigated the murder fell down the stairs from his office and fractured his skull. Later, a man was traveling a wooded road in Mississippi. He heard a human voice groaning in agony near the road. Dismounting, he found a man in the toils of death who said: "I am the man who killed Roderic Gambrell and someone has shot me."

The day after the burial of his beloved wife, and no man was ever blessed with a better helpmeet, he resumed his work at his office and took up his load and "carried on." When I think of Dr. Gambrell there comes to mind Browning's picture of

"One who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed though right were worsted
Wrong would triumph;
Held we fall to rise, or baffled to fight better—
Sleep to wake."

Bits of Wisdom.

When Professor Robertson wrote the life of Dr. Broadus he largely let Dr. Broadus write the book himself by quotations from his letters and writings. Perhaps the best way to perpetuate the memory of Dr. Gambrell would be to publish, in one edition, all his writings. Until that is done, and in the event it is never done, I venture to put in small compass, especially for the young, certain bits of his wisdom which should not be permitted to perish.

1. On Unification. "There is a difference between contact and unity. Apples, in a barrel, are in contact and are together, in a sense, but they are not united. Jonah and the whale were not united, and they did not stay together when the commotion came." Again: "There is not much difficulty in stacking up spoons, made in the same mold, though they are not straight. It is altogether a different matter, however, to undertake to stack up wheel barrows, because they were not made to fit." Still again: "We need more horse worse than we need more harness."

2. On denominational troubles. "It takes churning to get butter and Texas was having a general churning up and a better alignment of forces." Again: "A bomb exploded in the open may do some harm; but exploded in a house will wreck things." Once more: "Diffi-

culties abound on every side; but difficulties are opportunities spelled another way. And every Christian ought to learn to spell." Still again: "Baptists have such a ready way of disposing of heretics and other disorganizers. A friend of mine in Mississippi invented a patent whiffle tree. The trick of it lay in pulling a string, and the runaway horse found himself going at whatever gait suited him, with the buggy left behind. We do not have to take everything to pieces, from top to bottom, to get an obstreperous man out. We just simply pull the string and off he goes."

3. On contrary people. "What makes a mule like he is? He is a cross between two species, each of which is docile and reliable. The philosophy of it lies in the want of a definite direction given to the life of the mule. There are two streams of blood in his veins, running cross, and not knowing exactly what he is, whether an ass or a horse, he vacillates and never takes a definite course in life." Again: "All fads, whether religious or not, are small vanities. There are fads in ladies' bonnets, in neck-ties, in watch-charms, in shoes, in books, in pronunciation. All of them are as the mistletoe to the solid wood. They come and go with times and seasons." Once more: "Not a few churches hold on to a set of old leaders, deacons and others, after they have long been a burden on

every member of the church. These effete leaders are most known as not leading. Like veritable corns, they locate themselves on the body, and make it very uncomfortable if they are rubbed."

4. On a constructive program. "The world advances on affirmations, not negations. You can not sweep darkness out of your house; but the darkness disappears the instant you bring in the light." Again: "I have often noticed that soldiers, who would fall out in camp and fight each other in camp, while they were doing nothing else, would not only go in, side by side, in a great battle and fight like heroes, but they came out with mutual admiration for each other's courage, and their personal animosities were sunk in their love for the cause for which they both fought, and they became fast friends." Once more: "More people, a hundred to one, will join in a bear hunt than will turn out to kill a mouse."

5. On democracy. "Democracy in religion, as in state, carries its own antitoxin." Again: "Baptists have never failed except when they have failed to apply their own simple principles with fidelity." Once more: "The New Testament is a hard book to live up to. In the first place, every separate person must think, pray, repent, believe, live for himself. Nobody can put his life off on somebody else. No one can

take responsibilities for another." Furthermore: "Under the voluntary principle we may have the most perfect, flexible and efficient organization the human mind can conceive, all of it resting on the individual as the unit and following the perfection of military organization, in which the individual stands for all in him, and each stands for all and all for each. It is given to us to demonstrate on a large scale what the voluntary principle is worth in the Christian warfare. We may put to shame all the 'strong church governments' by the government of the New Testament, which leaves individuals free to co-operate for the glory of our common Lord on principles of love and consecration."

6. On the boy. "The big boy is an institution in this world. He is, indeed, a series of personalities in one extraordinary combination. The only certain thing about him is his uncertainty. * * * Big boys are nearly certain to have the big-head. This is no bad sign. It is an awkward sense of power, without wisdom of discipline."

7. On the girl. "She may be dull on mathematics or language, but in that finest of all earthly sciences, the knowledge of loving and lifting the world higher by love and home, she will stand at the head of her class. * * * She could give Tallyrand odds in diplomacy and leave him in a labyrinth of words wondering

what she really meant. Not only in words, but in maneuvering she is a captain. If from some refined sensibility or for other reasons she does not wish to hear a declaration of love, which her finer intuition tells her is waiting a chance, she will see that the chance does not come. If she is ready she can beat General Lord Roberts clearing the coasts. Her little brothers and sisters all find employment elsewhere."

8. On newspapers. "If the Philistines had known how to run newspapers, Samson could not have played them a worse trick than to have started them in the newspaper business in opposition to each other." Again: "If I were thinking of starting a newspaper I would in all probability not start it."

9. On preachers. "In the Kingdom he is the elect of the elect, a chosen vessel for the highest possible use in the King's service. On the minister's faithfulness depends not only the salvation of souls, but all the highest interests of the home, the church, and the state. The faithful minister is far away the most important man in any community." Again: "I believe the greatest weakness in the ministry to-day is lack of a proper purpose." Once more: "Place-hunting, a desire to get up in the ministry, has kept many a man down in the ministry all his life. Commit yourself fully to the Lord and remember that it is absolutely safe to do so. You can-

not know where He will lead you nor how He will lead you, but He will lead you by a way that He knows, and it will be, without a doubt, the right way." Still again: "The best preaching and teaching is that which brings the sinner, by the shortest road, to look upon Jesus by faith, that keeps all thoughts of mere process out of the way." Furthermore: "The preacher who makes service second to position is spoiled."

10. On Christian education. "The Scotch have an exceedingly rugged country, but they are a glorious people, because they are religious and devoted to education. No equal number of people in the world exercise a wider or better influence over every realm of human activity." Again: "To a large extent, we look to our schools for intelligent leadership. Consecration is the very heart of Christian education." Once more: "A degree is like a promissory note. The value of it depends upon what is back of it. A ten-dollar note signed by one man is worth more than a thousand-dollar note signed by some other man." Still again: "There ought to be downright honesty in dealing with all educational questions, and humbuggery in education is next to the worst humbuggery in the world." Once more: "Whoever invokes the co-operation of free, intelligent churches must carry the responsibility of informing the churches. In

estimating a church it must be weighed rather than counted."

11. On Christ. "The man who reads history cannot remain ignorant of the fact that with the coming of Jesus Christ into the world there came the greatest regenerating force among men humanity has felt." Again: "Woe to the people who give a second place to that for which Christ came into the world—to seek and to save the lost." Still again: "Jesus Christ was the world's greatest citizen, the mold and perfection of the highest manhood. He was simplicity itself, in life, in manner, in teaching. He was the commoner of all ages. The common people heard Him gladly because they understood Him and because He loved them, helped them and gave them hope."

The last paragraph contains Dr. Gambrell's ideal for his own life. It was nothing short of his conception of Christ. He was as true to that ideal as Thomas A. Kempis or Francis of Assissi were to their ideals in Christ. In his day he pursued it with a passion and an abandon comparable to theirs in their day. You seek for the explanation of this far-seeing, statesmanlike, imperturbable, optimistic, courageous, steadfast, democratic Kingdom builder? The answer is Jesus Christ. Christ saved him, kept him, owned him, used him, blessed him. He is henceforth "forever with the Lord."

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